



Lost in space



👁 39 ✓ 18 ★ 9

Chapter 1 by Selena Raynee

John checked his timer: he was adrift for 134 solid hours. His mind refused to do the math and convert it into days. It didn't matter.

His lifecapsule had only about 20% of power left, most of it being routed to life-support. He doubted anyone would hear his SOS signal, but had to exhaust all possibilities because he wanted to survive.

John relaxed and looked in front of him, at the image of gigantic gas planet that had swallowed his spaceship. He remembered how he fought to get over its gravitational pull in his small spacecraft designed for emergency situations. Then he looked at his radar again: nothing. No one is likely to come at save him.

But he has to try.

He drifted into sleepiness. Hours passed. He had a vivid dream of purple sky and pink waters of his homeworld. Then a persistent beeping invaded his dream, ruining the calm of the scenery.

Beep. Beep. Beeeep.

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

Chapter 2 by Selena Raynee



He disregarded the beeping: most probably, it was hypoxia settling in.

Beep. Beep. Beeeep.

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

A pattern? Now he was sure it was a hallucination.

Beep. Beep. Beeeep.

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

Irritating... But John didn't want to wake up from this state of tranquility...

Next thing he knew was a loud bang and then a noise of metal scratching metal.

"Hull breach detected, hull integrity compromised..." the AI sobered John. It may not be a hallucination after all.

See more of Story Wars

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Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee

He expected to hear hissing of oxygen escaping into space. None came.

John checked main console: levels of oxygen were stable and AI continued to warn him about hull breach. It didn't make sense. Either AI went nuts, or hull integrity was compromised, but there was no oxygen leak. Idiotic as it sounded, it was possible.

"Emergency docking, is it?" John said to himself and touched main console to find out where the hull was breached. "It would account for that scratching -"

He wondered why whoever docked to his lifecapsule didn't contact him first. Well, he'll know soon enough.

Chapter 4 by intellikat

It was Selena Raynee! Scratching with a pen on a piece of paper against the hull, writing the story. John looked out of a porthole and waved. Selena waves back, and then raised a thermo-cutter and ignited it with a cruel grin.

Chapter 5 by intellikat

I'm sure you wrote something good, Selena. Vote for the other chapter, not this one!

Chapter 6 by intellikat

...wrote John, in a last-ditch, desperate attempt to calm the young woman. He pressed the note against the porthole and waved again. But no space dice. Selena turned the thermo-cutter on full and began to cut through the hull.

Alarms.

Hissing.

A thud.

See more of Story Wars

And then blackness.

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Chapter 7 by intellikat



```
<<<SYSTEM REBOOTING>>>  
> CHKDSK SUM/CONFIG 373994  
> ALT ROOT SUB.R.3  
> |
```

John awoke.

He checked his timer: he was adrift for 134 solid hours. His mind refused to do the math and convert it into days. It didn't matter.

His lifecapsule had only about 20% of power left, most of it being routed to life-support. He doubted anyone would hear his SOS signal, but had to exhaust all possibilities because he wanted to survive.

John relaxed and looked in front of him, at the image of gigantic gas planet that had swallowed his spaceship. He remembered how he fought to get over its gravitational pull in his small spacecraft designed for emergency situations. Then he looked at his radar again: nothing.

No one is likely to come at save him.

But he has to try.

He drifted into sleepiness. Hours passed. He had a vivid dream of purple sky and pink waters of his homeworld. Then a persistent beeping invaded his dream, ruining the calm of the scenery.

Beep. Beep. Beeeep.

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

He disregarded the beeping: most probably, it was hypoxia settling in.

Beep. Beep. Beeeep.

Beeeeeeeeeeep.

A pattern? Now he was sure it was. See more of Story Wars

Beep. Beep. Beeeep.

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Beeeeeeeeeeep.

Irritating... But John didn't want to leave the dream of home, of tranquility...

Next thing he knew was a loud bam! and then a noise of metal scratching metal.

"Hull breach detected, hull breach detected -" warning message from the AI sobered John. It may not be a hallucination after all.

He expected to hear hissing of oxygen escaping into space. None came.

John checked main console: levels of oxygen were stable and AI continued to warn him about hull breach. It didn't make sense. Either AI went nuts, or hull integrity was compromised, but there was no oxygen leak. Idiotic as it sounded, it was possible.

"Emergency docking, is it?" John said to himself and touched main console to find out where the hull was breached. "It would account for that scratching -"

He wondered why whoever docked to his lifecapsule didn't contact him first. Well, he'll know soon enough.

....

John shuddered. It was a feeling... of deja vu. As if this moment had come and gone many times before. It lasted but a moment.

"Computer. Maintain current flight path. Lock navigational systems. Key Alpha-Tango-Charlie-XRay-Papa-Tango. "

John lifted himself from the command chair and manoeuvred himself toward the cockpit hatch. Beside the doorway was a small metal box, which he unlocked and drew a sidearm from. Checking to see that it was loaded, he made his way from the cockpit down the corridor to the craft's small docking bay. When he arrived, he saw sparks dancing.

Chapter 8 by Intellikat



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There sat Selena Raynee, waiting for someone to find the final chapter

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the end

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